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cave created for the sky—far, far off—all out of a few strands of coarse sewing silk stitched, at random apparently, but of course with the finest knowledge of effect—across from one side of the frame. A single strand throws in with its subtly varied tint a mile of distance on the sea. A heaping up of crossing strands of pearly hues fills the deep sky with summer morning clouds. The other gives a rich golden twilight with a hillside extending steeply from foreground to the middle of the picture. The mass of big daisies crowding into a heap in the foreground and thence pouring up in a milky way over the dusky hillside are like a glimpse of another and better world—the world where artists of such strong and opulent fancy alone may live.

Hunt would have liked, we may be sure, to dash through such a portal to bathe in such glories of color, beauty and mystery. In invention and in *witty*, as Hunt would have said, application of three lines of silk to the creation of a cloudland or a sea, these panels are entitled to rank any day and anywhere with paintings.

GRETA.

#### ART IN PROVIDENCE.

SOME RHODE ISLAND ARTISTS—SWINDLING PICTURE DEALERS—THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., September, 1879.

WE have in Providence two excellent fruit and bric-a-brac painters whose tendencies are almost directly opposite: they are Mr. Geo. Whitaker and Mr. E. C. Leavitt. Each is truly admirable in his way. In Mr. Leavitt's work one is struck with his careful attention to detail and surface imitation, and the peculiar delicate "chic" with which he lays on his high lights and half-tints. In Mr. Whitaker one feels his passionate desire for great breadth of treatment; a disregard of all detail save that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to determine the objects chosen for motives.

We can, perhaps, best understand the methods of the two by an example. They are both fond of painting metals. Mr. Leavitt will paint a vase of bronze, or a plaque of repoussé work so that we may trace the muscles and drapery of the figures with which it is decorated with as much certainty as to their character and action as if we had his model before us. Mr. Whitaker would paint the same with a breadth that would defy analysis and examination; on the plaque we should see figures, but to discover the difference between Pan and Eve, and to tell what they were doing, would be simply impossible. We must imagine.

In color they are as widely different. Whitaker delights in low-toned palettes—luminous yellows half smothered or smouldering in bituminous browns; cardinal reds and twilight purples gliding among glowing greens and sombre russets. He will perhaps add in his foreground a bit of pure creamy white or cool blue as refreshment for the eye. He once had a way of shrouding all his work in a lugubrious darkness, and of painting mud and calling it mystery, but happily he is growing into a healthy, rational tone.

In Mr. Leavitt's work a liking for elegant gray tints is evident; he seldom, if ever, ventures into complicated and rich color schemes. He does not allow himself the extremes of the scale. I have seen pictures by him wherein all that was needed to make them glorious in color was a touch or two of pure black and a bit of brilliant white. With his grays he is very successful; they are clear and sweet—lilac and flesh-tints, silver and the high lights of copper—all are beautiful. He will paint the tints of porcelain marvellously. Mr. Leavitt has considerable reputation for imitative naturalness, and I fear that he is too well satisfied with it. He contents himself too often with mere "outside;" too often his grapes, plums, and apples have the appearance of being only air-filled; and one asks oneself, Will the juice wet our fingers if we break their skins? Mr. Whitaker's fruit, on the contrary, often impresses one as being flayed; it is all pulp; its qualities are all of the interior.

In composition Whitaker is very far ahead of Leavitt. He displays greater originality, greater fecundity of invention, more daring. Sometimes he revels in a superabundance of grotesqueness. He has a pet delight in introducing into his compositions exceedingly ugly bronzes of his own design suggested by the Japanese, whom he certainly outdoes. Mr. Leavitt's compositions are good, and very happy in contrasts of texture and often of color, but they lack that spontaneous conception which would lift them from the rank of good

work to that of very extraordinary work. Mr. Leavitt exhibits a gentlemanly elegance in the selection of his subjects and their treatment. His studio, which is a gem of color and the finest in Rhode Island, still further shows his love of elegance. Whitaker is too often content with vulgar material, but in painting enjoys the liberty of a true Bohemian. In short, Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Whitaker are artists of much and very equal merit. One lacks just what the other has in abundance.

Mr. Leavitt has been very industrious the past season, having made about sixty exceedingly fine fruit studies; it seems difficult to conceive of imitation doing more. If he will only carry the same technical dexterity into a masterly composition, combine it with a poetic element, and let the whole summer's work be fused into a unit, he will produce something that will move deeply the art-world.

Mr. Whitaker made during the summer several very truthful and earnest studies of fine tree groups at Roger Williams Park. They are his very best landscape work, for they are more delicate in handling, better in drawing and color, than his landscape usually is.

Do you know Bannister? If not, you would thank me every day after I had introduced you to him. I cannot believe that he ever lost a friend, and everybody who speaks with him is at once his. Kind, gently enthusiastic, a true genius with moods as various as the weathers. To hear him talk of nature and art is to grow enthusiastic yourself and to almost become a poet. To hear him speak of all earnest artists is to know how deep is his heart and how full of tenderness. I happened into his studio just after the news of Hunt's sad death reached us. Mr. Bannister spoke so feelingly of Hunt and his work (having known him personally) that I almost wished that I had been Hunt, that I could have been so well spoken of. I was in his studio this morning. The first picture that I saw as I entered was one about three by four feet in size, called by him "Repose."

This side of a clump of light trees are two cows reposing and chewing the cud after grazing; a little farther away are some sheep browsing. I do not know when I have seen anything more harmonious or sweeter in color. If ever you see the picture, and I hope that you will, be sure to notice how tenderly the green and golden russet of the trees comes against the low-toned cerulean and gray of the sky; how deep that sky is! Notice how masterly is the handling, and with what knowledge the gray light is carried over the back of the standing cow; and how beautifully the delicate dove color meets the fawn on the cheek of the cow lying down. Notice, too—and this you cannot fail to do—how cow-like the whole is. There is the stupid gaze that we have all seen, the heaviness of pose, the glossy backs and coarser legs. Put your hand to their noses and you will feel the warm sweet breath. I think it is one of Mr. Bannister's best works, perhaps the best, and I do not forget the large canvas, "Under the Oaks," that took the Centennial medal.

He has a study of a pool and oaks made in Elmwood. It is charming. The whole is very limpid in atmospheric effect. The pale sand by the pool meets the pale sunlit green of some short grass; above, the dark oaks come up in silhouette against the very truthful and beautiful sky.

The two last mentioned pictures are exceedingly strong and well-handled.

He has made some very fine cloud studies.

Mr. Bannister is growing wonderfully. If he could be a little more energetic there is no reason why he should not put himself at the front of poetical landscape painters in America. Many of his pictures are as fine as the landscapes of Diaz, and I have seen Bannisters that I would not give for an average Daubigny. This is not overpraise. I like most of all about his pictures a feeling of manly pantheism, and a certain healthfulness of sky and foliage, and a distaste for all morbid things. His landscapes could be lived in, they are so healthy. He will be better known some day. You in New York must find a picture called "The Woodman," which, it is whispered, he is to send to the Union League exhibition in response to an invitation. It is not his best, but it is a really fine thing. Notice its great earnestness of tone and handling.

I seriously think that there should be some law enacted to prohibit painters, hired by unscrupulous and unprincipled men, from making villainous color-copies of engravings and photographs of modern works of art. Providence is yearly visited by art-pests that are

much more destructive to true art than any worm or grasshopper ever was to vegetation. Recently there was one of these dreadful things on Westminster Street. In this sale the pictures were each and all worse than vile; and I am quite sure every one of them was copied from an engraving or photograph.

Providence is not well informed in art matters. Wealthy men go to these sales and purchase miserable works for small sums, which are relatively enormous, and then cast their great bargains into the teeth of our much-deserving and talented artists when they charge a moderate sum for their poverty-born work. But it is not for pecuniary reasons that I find the greatest fault with these sellers: it is that they advertise their abominable trash in the daily papers as the work of "celebrated foreign and American artists," and that they call it "the finest collection of original and first-class oil-paintings ever on exhibition in this city." A consummate falsehood!

I cannot understand why they cannot be prosecuted for swindling an ignorant public as well as men who sell boxes of sawdust for sewing-machines.

Certainly the only permanent remedy for such evils is the education of the public in art, by free exhibitions of fine pictures, the circulation of journals like THE ART AMATEUR, and by the persistent denunciation of all art-shams by those who really love great and true art for itself. But is it not possible for each city to provide a certain jury on art matters which should judge whether the public is to be swindled or not?

Poor pictures must be exhibited when they are the work of earnest and talented young artists, for the criticism upon them does the artist a deal of good; but when men exhibit poor copies of good work and call them original—plainly a case of intentional, though for some strange reason legitimate, swindling—I think that all art-lovers will agree with me that few punishments would be too severe for them.

The Rhode Island School of Design begins the first term of its second year on Monday, October 6. A class in Art Needlework has been added to the former course, also a drawing class for children. Next month I may give a brief account of its origin, success, and outlook.

HJALMAR STURLESON.

#### ART IN SAN FRANCISCO.

PECULIARITIES OF THE PACIFIC METROPOLIS—BLOOMER'S ART ROOMS—THE "AUTHORS' CARNIVAL"—NEW PICTURES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1879

ALTHOUGH probably most Eastern readers of THE ART AMATEUR think of the city of the Golden Gate as a rather dangerous place of residence just at present, I can assure you that such is not the case. This is a strange community, but at heart a law-abiding one. If you ask whether it is artistic, candor compels an answer in the negative. But too much must not be expected of a score and a half of years. Art thrives best in a community containing a leisure class; and as yet such a class cannot be said to exist in San Francisco. The great fortune makers, such as the bonanza kings, the railroad magnates, the land-monopolists, and the successful stock brokers, have accumulated their money so recently that they are not sufficiently accustomed to the novelty to treat themselves to any rest or any enjoyment of the fruits of their labors. Man, after all, is a creature of habit, and to the millionaires of this new state their routine office duties are apparently still necessary for happiness. The children of these men have hardly received the training or attained the age to fit them for patrons of art or art industries. There are honorable exceptions, but the majority of those who have the means to indulge in such luxuries as paintings, statuary, and bric-à-brac collections, have not the inclination to do so, and regard \$15,000 invested in a work of art as so much money lying idle. However, those who watch the signs of the times think they perceive a growing interest in art matters, and hope that the Queen City of the Pacific will not remain always behind her sister cities of the Republic in the encouragement and cultivation of both high and decorative art. Already it is rumored that we are to be treated to a loan collection this winter, which if well made, and clearly classified and catalogued, will not only be a source of pleasure, but the means of spreading much-needed art information.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bloomer have opened this week

a repository for artistic work, which they call "Decorative Art Rooms." They have made good use of several of the designs in *THE ART AMATEUR*, and as the general style of their handiwork is different from what is ordinarily seen in our stores here, I have no doubt they will succeed. Mrs. Bloomer is prepared to give lessons in 'crewels, and to furnish materials; and it is to be hoped that this enterprise may prove the nucleus of a school of decorative art.

The charitable and fashionable world is much occupied at present in preparations on a large scale for an "Authors' Carnival," which is to be held during the two last weeks in October in the Mechanics' Pavilion. The various booths will be presided over by ladies in character costume, and tableaux will be given every fifteen minutes, illustrating the works of popular authors. The "Arabian Nights" will open the ball, an adaptation of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," having been selected for the first night's performance. Goethe, Scott, Byron, Moore, Dickens, and others are to be worthily represented on other evenings.

Most of our artists have returned from their summer sketching tours, and are busy at their easels working up the result of these visits to Nature. William Bradford spent some time in the Yosemite Valley, and has proven to his friends' satisfaction that, though a marine painter by choice, he can see with an artist's eye, and render with an artist's hand, the glories of cliff and grassy slope. He is at work on two views in the great valley, both of them being orders from a New York banker.

Jules Tavernier has finished the second of a series of decorative panels which he was to have painted for Mrs. Mark Hopkins, but by mutual agreement no more are to be executed. Those who have seen them speak highly of their merit, but the world generally must take it on faith, as Mrs. Hopkins stipulated that they should not be seen. One represents an outdoor Moorish scene, a group of gayly dressed men and women, allowing full play for Mr. Tavernier's taste for brilliant effects. The last one is a church interior, the architectural details of a Spanish cathedral admitting of fine work.

William Keith has just finished and has on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's art gallery, a very large painting of Mount Shasta. He has caught the very spirit of the mountain, but in the foreground and minor details the picture is hardly up to his other recent work. Miss Eliza Williams has just finished two flower pieces, to be seen at the same gallery. K. M.

## Art News.

### HOME.

The Springfield Republican, commenting on our Boston correspondent's letter, in which was recorded the fact that the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has recently added to its casts the Hermes, found at Olympia, says: "This statue, with the fragmentary Nike discovered at the same place and one or two others, are additions to the knowledge of ancient statuary, precisely as the Venus of Melos was an addition, and it is surprising that some one of the illustrated magazines does not make them the conspicuous feature of a number." They are to become familiar as household words in the next ten years to all lovers of Greek art."

Mr. Frost Johnson is painting a full-length portrait of Cardinal McCloskey.

Mr. James Hart has returned to town and is at work again. His studies are principally scenes of Pennsylvania farm life.

Excavations have been made for the building of a museum and fine art gallery in St. Louis at the corner of Lucas Place and Nineteenth Street.

### BOSTON NOTES.

The Boston Art School has met with a greatly deplored loss in the recent death of Dr. Rimmer, whose office as director of anatomical studies has been of long continuance as well as of thorough service. It is not yet known who will succeed to this professorship for the coming year. The various classes, as formerly, are to be under the superintendence of Mr. Otto Grundmann, with whom, however, Mr. Crowninshield takes a larger share of responsibility than in the past year.

Especially since the withdrawal of some of the aid heretofore given by the city to the instruction of scholars of the public schools in the first branches of the fine arts, there has

been a very earnest endeavor on the part of many friends of the theory to have the various industrial departments of instruction now carried on as private institutions incorporated as official branches of the schools. To an extent they seem to have failed in this; but Mr. Eliot, the Superintendent of the Boston schools, now advises that the exertions be directed toward making these industrial departments endowed auxiliaries. The idea has taken new life, and there is a prospect that the endowments may be forthcoming.

The above industrial institutions already occupy positions of considerable importance in the city, but their facilities for reaching those really most to be benefited by them would be greatly increased by the amalgamation referred to. There is, for instance, the cooking school, the school of art needlework, of painting on porcelain, of carving on wood and modelling in clay. All offer instruction that cannot fail to prove valuable, but in the present circumstances must be sought after.

The school for modelling and carving in wood and stone, especially for girls, is now established in the Art Museum. In its way it is one of the greatest advantages that could be offered to young women. The department has no endowment, but though the rates of tuition have of necessity been fixed at a very low figure, the popularity of the school promises to make it well self-supporting. Three terms of twelve weeks each are given for \$90. The pupil first draws a plain sketch of the figure desired, then models it in clay and takes a cast from it. From this cast she carves either in wood or stone, as she may be studying. There are numberless ways in which this knowledge may be made useful, and the direct design of the school is to furnish young women with an easy and lucrative employment that is not already so overloaded with workers as to be almost out of reach.

At least one practical result of the above desire to facilitate Boston girls in obtaining the most useful as well as ornamental branches in their education is the late furnishing of the girls' high school with an admirable collection of antique casts.

Art circles of Boston, and especially art students, have met with immeasurable loss in the deaths of Dr. Rimmer and Wm. H. Hunt. Dr. Rimmer had been connected with the Art Museum since its foundation. His efficiency and ready ability were such that very much even beyond the limits of his direct jurisdiction had involuntarily been left at his dictation. Mr. Hunt was a man of exceptional talent in his profession, but beyond that, as a brilliant conversationalist and attractive as well as profound teacher, he will be deeply missed by a very large circle. It will be hard for the city to supply the loss of two such men.

The business promise for the coming season is unusually good. The sale galleries are full of exceptionally fine pictures. Mr. Blakeslee, of the firm of Noyes & Blakeslee, has returned from abroad with an elaborate collection, in which a number of old Boston artists figure largely. It is generally understood that a large proportion of the attention of the dealers will this year be bestowed upon home-studio productions, and a more favorable indication could not be found.

Portraits of the founders of "Lowell" have lately been upon exhibition in Messrs. Williams & Everett's gallery, where they were sent for revivifying. They proved a very popular attraction. There was some admirable work among the portraits. Several were executed by Mr. Harding at the time when he was fighting Mr. Alexander. In comparison with portraiture of to-day they were particularly interesting, showing a decided change in style, from the strong, ruddy, and vigorous compositions.

The Boston Art Museum, in its enlarged capacity, has proved an attractive object for summer visitors, and opens well for its winter campaign. The permanent exhibition is vastly superior to that of former years, but the success of the last spring exhibition of loaned productions, under the auspices of the Art Club, the Architects' Association, and the regular museum collection was so complete that there seems a very general ambition to try it again. The artists are rapidly returning to the city, and soon the club-rooms will be opened for the weekly and monthly meetings, when the question of combining their two yearly exhibitions, heretofore held in their own limited quarters, in one display upon the principle of the last, will at once be discussed.

The dedicatory presentation of the emancipation group to the city of Boston is an important item for the city. It has none too many of such ornamentations.

There are several important art works promised for this fall by Boston publishing houses. Messrs. Lee & Shepard already have two ready for the press; one that promises to touch a very popular vein at the present time, by the famous artist, W. J. Linton, "Practical Hints on Wood-Engraving," inspired by the part which the author took, or was represented as taking in the recent controversy, and the other a handsome volume upon the famous painters and pictures of the early part of the century in Europe, with forty full-page woodcuts, by Harry W. French, author of "Art and Artists in Connecticut."

Friends of William H. Hunt seem satisfied that it was by accident that he fell into the large tank at Appledore Island, Isle of Shoals, and not in an attempt at suicide.

George L. Brown has spent most of the summer sketching about Mount Washington, with the intention of completing an immense view of the famous mountain while passing the coming winter in Paris.—James M. Stone has passed the summer in Lancaster, and proposes on returning to Boston to open an art school as nearly as possible upon the French plan, giving instruction entirely from live models.—George S. Wasson has spent the summer sketching from his schooner yacht upon the down-east coast.—F. T. Merrill has been yachting and sketching on the coast.—W. H. Hilliard has been studying through the summer with M. Ciceri, in Paris.—Daniel Fisher, who has accomplished such wonderful feats in London during the last five years, is expected soon to return to Boston.—John J. Enneking has returned to Boston with many interesting sketches from Manchester-by-the-Sea and his home at Hyde Park, Mass.—E. L. Custer's vacation was one of entire rest at Manchester-by-the-Sea.—The veteran Boston artist, G. P. A. Healy, who has been for so many years abroad, is on his way home again.—Walter Lansil and F. A. Holt have returned to the city with large collections of marine sketches.—E. L. Weeks has sent from Paris a collection of paintings that are indicative of very decided progress and ability. He returns to Africa at once.—H. R. Burdick, Albert Thompson, and W. W. Morse have contributed to the Cincinnati Exhibition. One of Burdick's fruit pieces is as fine as anything that has gone from his studio. It merits the praise that is bestowed upon it.—T. W. Dewing has returned from Paris.—C. R. Grant has returned to his studio with thirty-two figure pieces painted from live models in the open air at Gray, Maine.

### ABROAD.

The Chevalier Desanges has completed his portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield for the Junior Carlton Club, London. The figure is life-size, and stands erect in an easy, graceful pose. A paletot of light brown surmounts a black frock, relieving the sombre effect of ordinary walking costume. In the left hand is a scroll of papers. The likeness, says *The Morning Post*, is faithful and characteristic.

The death of M. Alexandre Hesse, the French painter, is announced. He was working at a picture to be entitled "The Last Judgment," destined for next year's Salon, when death overtook him. He succeeded, in 1867, to Ingré's seat in the Institute.

The Art Association of Montreal has taken up its quarters in a new building erected on a lot of land deeded by the late Benaiah Gibb, one of its members. According to his will, the association was required to spend not more than \$20,000 on the building, which is consequently necessarily limited in its usefulness. The Decorative Art Association has rented one of the shops on the ground floor, and another has been devoted to an art library in connection with the art gallery. The "main gallery" is 74 x 34 feet, and 25 x 20 feet, and 25 feet to the underside of the skylight, which extends over 56 x 17 feet of the ceiling. The smaller, or "water-color gallery," adjoining is 25 x 20 feet and 25 feet high. It is also lighted from above.

The late Duchess Colonna, The London World is informed, has bequeathed the whole of her unsold works, art collections, and artistic furniture to the city of Freiburg, on the condition that they shall be accessible to the public under the name of the Marcello Museum.

Mr. Alma-Tadema, of London, has sent four pictures to the Munich International Art Exhibition. The "Sculptor's Model" is a nude beauty, who rests on a palm branch, which she holds in her right hand, while the left arm is raised in a curved line as if she carried a basket on her head; the artist is standing somewhat further back and examining the contour, while the clay figure on one side, in the background, looks like the shadow of the living model. The blending of yellows in the flesh-tints is very peculiar, and the figure also betrays, in spite of all a model's embarrassment, that high type of noble form which an artist might simply copy without further idealisation. "A Mirror" represents an antique maiden, looking at her pretty little face in the placid water of a marble fountain enclosure; the fountain, the bronze group in the centre, and the columns of "verde antico" in the background are incomparable as regards fidelity of representation of materials. The third picture, called "A Question," is an idyll. A girl winding a garland is sitting on a marble bench; at her side lies, stretched out at full length, and not without natural grace, her youthful companion, with head and eyes turned wooingly and questioningly up to her. The deep blue of a southern sea fills up the background. There can be no doubt to the beholder what the "question" is. The fourth picture presents the strangest surrounding with the most elegant and original coloring. It is a picture already known to many: an Egyptian widow with musicians playing a dirge before the mummy of her spouse. Alma-Tadema's archaeological paintings, both historical and genre, have lost none of their exotic charm with their novelty; for, unlike his imitators, he is not half artist and half copyist, but a real artist and a scholar, and in both directions thoroughly original.